

THE
LYRICAL PART
OF THE
D R A M A
OF
C A R A C T A C U S ;

AS ALTERED BY THE AUTHOR,

AND AS SPOKEN AND SUNG

AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN,

The MUSIC by Dr. ARNE.

L O N D O N :

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[Price Six-pence.]

THE

LYRIC ALPHABET

OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

CATALOGUE

OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM



BY THE

GOVERNMENT

OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY ORDER

OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR THE COLONIES

LONDON

[Price Sixpence]

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN adapting the Lyrical part of Caractacus for the Stage, it has been thought proper to substitute theatrical speaking for musical Recitative, except in a very few parts; and then only to admit it, when, by a proper accompaniment, it could gracefully introduce an Air, or a Chorus: for plain Recitative, whatever effect it may have on the ears of the Italians, is seldom agreeable to an English Audience, and indeed ill suits the Genius of our Language.

The celebrated J. J. Rousseau of Geneva, a few years ago, wrote a Lyrical Scene on the story of Pigmalion; but being conscious, as it should seem, how difficult it was to form a rational union between Poetry and Music, and how seldom the latter tended to render the former more intelligible; admitted instrumental Music to assist, but not accompany the speaker; and to introduce itself at proper intervals, in order to sustain and impress more strongly the same Passions, which the Action

had already excited. The Piece, it is said, thus executed, first on a private theatre, and afterwards publickly at Paris, met with a very just and general applause.

In what is meant for the entertainment of the present evening, a method somewhat similar to this will be pursued. In the performance of the Odes, not only Instrumental Symphonies, but Airs and Chorusses will be intermixt with the Speakers part. And it is hoped, that by this method, the poetry in them will be rendered more intelligible, and perhaps more interesting to the Audience, than if, by a continuation of Recitative, the whole of these intermedes had been performed musically.

PER.

PERSONS OF THE CHORUS.

MODRED the CHIEF DRUID, Mr. AICKIN.

MADOR the CHIEF BARD, Mr. HULL.

SECOND BARD, Mr. LEONI.

THIRD BARD, Mrs. FARREL.

FOURTH BARD, Mr. REINHOLD.

CHORAL BARDS, DRUIDS, PRIESTS, &c.

N. B. The musical part is printed in the *Italic* character; all the rest is spoken either by the CHIEF DRUID or BARD.

A C T I.

SCENE IV.

Entrance of the CHORUS.

*A solemn symphony is performed while MODRED, MA-
DOR, and the rest of the Druids and Bards descend
down the rocks, and come from the caverns.*

MODRED.

SLEEP and silence reign around;
Not a night-breeze wakes to blow;
Circle, sons, this holy ground;
Circle close, in triple row.

CHORUS.

*Druid, at thy dread command,
When thou war'st thy potent wand,
See we pace this holy ground
With solemn footsteps soft and slow,
While sleep and silence reign around,
And not a night-breeze wakes to blow.*

MODRED.

'Tis well! and now, if mask'd in vapours drear,
Any malign or earth-born spirit dare
To hover round this consecrated place,
Haste with light spells the murky foe to chase.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*We lift our boughs of vervain blue,
 Dipt in cold September dew;
 And dash the moisture chaste and clear
 O'er the ground, and thro' the air.*

MODRED.

Now the place is purg'd and pure. [Symphony.
 Brethren! say, for this high hour
 Are the milk-white steers prepar'd?
 Whose necks the rude yoke never scar'd,
 To the furrow yet unbroke?
 For such must bleed beneath yon oak.

CHORUS.

*Druid, these, in order meet,
 Are all prepar'd.*

MODRED.

But tell me yet,
 Cadwall! did thy step profound
 Dive into the cavern deep,
 Twice twelve fathom under ground,
 Where our sage fore-fathers sleep?
 Thence with reverence hast thou born,
 From the consecrated chest,
 The golden sickle, scrip, and vest,
 Whilom by old Belinus worn?

CHORUS.

*Druid, these, in order meet,
 Are all prepar'd.*

MODRED.

MODRED.

But tell me yet,
From the grot of charms and spells,
Where our matron sister dwells,
Brennus! has thy holy hand
Safely brought the druid wand?
And the potent adder-stone,
Gender'd 'fore th' autumnal moon?

CHORUS.

*Druid, these, in order meet,
Are all prepar'd.*

MODRED.

Then all's compleat. [Full Symphony.

SCENE VI.

MADOR, CHORUS.

ODE.

SYMPHONY.

MADOR.

MONA on Snowdon calls:

CHORUS.

*Hear, thou King of mountains, bear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings;
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:*

MADOR.

M A D O R.

Send thy spirits, send them soon,
 Now, when Midnight and the Moon
 Meet upon thy front of snow:
 See, their gold and ebon rod,
 Where the sober sisters nod,
 And greet in whispers sage and slow.
 Snowdon mark! 'tis Magic's hour;
 Now the mutter'd spell hath power;
 Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
 And burst thy base with thunder's shock;
 But to thee no ruder spell
 Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
 In music's secret cells, and lie
 Steep'd in the stream of harmony.

AIR by the SECOND BARD.

*Snowdon to thee no ruder spell
 Shall Mona use than those that dwell
 In music's secret cells, and lie
 Steep'd in the stream of harmony.*

M A D O R.

Snowdon has heard the strain: [Symphony.
 Hark, amid the wond'ring grove
 Other harpings answer clear,
 Other voices meet our ear,
 Pinions flutter, shadows move.

B

DUET

DUET by the SECOND and THIRD BARDS.

*Welcome, welcome gentle train,
Mona hails ye to her plain:
Here your genial dews dispense,
Dews of peace and innocence:*

M A D O R.

*Mona, thy grove is virtue's throne!
To peace, to piety alone
Thy central oak its shade extends;
Here, melting in Devotion's fires,
The soul sublim'd to Heav'n aspires,
Its dross subsides, its gold ascends.*

F U L L C H O R U S.

*Mona, thy grove is virtue's throne!
To peace, to piety alone
Thy central oak its shade extends;
Here, melting in devotion's fires,
The soul sublim'd to Heav'n aspires,
Its dross subsides, its gold ascends.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

[II]

A C T II.

S C E N E IV.

O D E.

MADOR, MODRED, CHORUS.

A I R.

2^d BARD.

*HAIL, thou harp of Phrygian frame!
In years of yore that Camber bore
From Troy's sepulchral flame;
With ancient Brute, to Britain's shore
The mighty minstrel came:*

RECITATIVE accompanied.—4th BARD.

*Sublime upon thy burnish'd prow,
He bad thy manly modes to flow;*

A I R. 4th BARD.

*Britain heard the descant bold,
She flung her white arms o'er the sea;
Proud, in her leafy bosom, to enfold
The freight of harmony.*

B.

MADOR.

M A D O R.

Mute 'till then was ev'ry plain,
 Save where the flood o'er mountains rude
 Tumbled his tide amain :
 And Echo from th' impending wood
 Resounded the hoarse strain ;
 Thou spak'st, imperial Lyre,
 The rough roar ceas'd, and airs from high
 Lapt the land in extasy :
 Fancy, the fairy, with thee came ;
 And Inspiration, bright-ey'd dame,
 Oft at thy call would leave her sapphire sky ;
 And, if not vain the verse presumes,
 Ev'n now some chaste Divinity is near :
 For lo ! the sound of distant plumes
 Pants thro' the pathless desert of the air.
 'Tis not the flight of her ;
 'Tis Sleep, her dewy harbinger,

A I R. 2d B A R D.

*Change, my harp, O change thy measures ;
 Cull, from thy mellifluous treasures,
 Notes that steal on even feet,
 Ever slow, yet never pausing,
 Mixt with many a warble sweet,
 In a ling'ring cadence closing.*

M A D O R.

Now the pleas'd power sinks gently down the skies,
 And seals with hand of down the Druids slumb'r-
 ing eyes.

[Symphony.

Whence

Whence was that inward groan?
 Why bursts thro' closed lids the tear?
 Why uplifts the bristling hair
 Its white and venerable shade?
 Why down the consecrated head
 Courses in chilly drops the dew of fear?
 All is not well, the pale-ey'd moon
 Curtains her head in clouds, the stars retire;
 Save from the fultry south alone
 The swart star flings his pestilential fire;
 Ev'n sleep herself will fly,
 If not recall'd by harmony.

3d BARD.

*Wake, my lyre! thy softest numbers,
 Such as nurse ecstatic slumbers,
 Sweet as tranquil virtue feels
 When the toil of life is ending,
 While from earth the spirit steals,
 And, on new-born plumes ascending,
 Hastens to lave in the bright fount of day,
 'Till Destiny prepare a shrine of purer clay.*

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

O D E.

MADOR, MODRED, BLIDURUS, CHORUS.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—3d BARD.

THOU Spirit pure, that spread'st unseen
 Thy pinions o'er this pond'rous sphere,
 And, breathing thro' each rigid vein,
 Fill'st with stupendous life the marble mass,
 And bid'st it bow upon its base,
 When sovereign Truth is near;
 Spirit invisible! to thee
 We swell the solemn harmony;

A I R A N D C H O R U S.

Hear us, and aid:
 Thou, that in Virtue's cause
 O'er-rulest Nature's laws,
 O hear, and aid with influence high
 The sons of Peace and Piety.

M A D O R.

First-born of that ethereal tribe
 Call'd into birth ere time or place,
 Whom wave nor wind can circumscribe,
 Heirs of the liquid liberty of Light,
 That float on rainbow pennons bright
 Thro' all the wilds of space,

Yet

Yet thou alone of all thy kind
 Canst range the regions of the mind:
 Thou canst enter the dark cell
 Where the vulture Conscience slumbers,
 And, unarm'd by charming spell,
 Or magic numbers,
 Canst rouse her from her formidable sleep,
 And bid her dart her raging talons deep;
 Yet, ah! too seldom doth the furious fiend
 Thy bidding wait; vindictive, self prepar'd,
 She knows her torturing time; too sure to rend
 The trembling heart, when Virtue quits her guard.
 Pause then, celestial guest!
 And brooding on thine adamantine sphere,
 If fraud approach, Spirit, that fraud declare;
 To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest.

A I R.—3d B A R D.

Pause then, celestial guest!
And, brooding on thine adamantine sphere,
If fraud approach, Spirit, that fraud declare;
To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest.

F U L L C H O R U S.

To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest.

CHORUS

A C T

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A C T IV.

S C E N E V.

O D E.

M A D O R.

H A R K !

[*Symphony.*]

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thundering tread ?

'Twas Death.—In haste

The warrior past,

High tower'd his helmed head.

I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,

I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,

I saw his giant-arm the Falchion wield ;

Wide wav'd the bickering blade, and fir'd the
angry air.

On me, he cry'd, my Britons, wait ;

To lead ye to the field of fate

I come.—Yon Car,

That cleaves the air,

Descends to throne my state.

I mount, your champion and your God,

My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong :

Hark ! to my wheels of brass that rattle loud ;

Hark ! to my clarion shrill that brays the woods
among.

C H O R U S.

CHORUS.

*He mounts, our champion and our God;
 His proud steeds neigh beneath the thong:
 Hark! to his wheels of brass that rattle loud;
 Hark! to his clarion shrill that brays the woods among.*

MADOR.

Fear not now the fever's fire,
 Fear not now the death-bed groan,
 Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
 Bed-rid age with feeble moan;
 These domestic terrors wait
 Hourly at my palace-gate;
 And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
 These on the tyrant king, and coward slave,
 Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their
 grave.

But you, my Sons, at this high hour
 Shall share the fulness of my power;
 From all your bows
 In levell'd rows
 My own dread shafts shall shower.
 Go then to conquest, gladly go;
 Deal forth my dole of destiny,
 With all my fury dash the trembling foe
 Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's pale
 spectres lie.

Where creeps the ninefold stream profound
 Her black, inexorable round,
 And on the bank
 To willows dank
 The shivering ghosts are bound.
 Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
 To full-orb'd pride and fading die,
 Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell—
 Not such the meed that crowns the Sons of Liberty.

No, my Britons!—Battle-slain,
 Rapture gilds your parting hour;
 I, that all despotic reign,
 Claim but there a moment's power;
 Swiftly the soul of British flame
 Animates some kindred frame,
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 Exults again in martial extacies,
 Again for Freedom fights, again for Freedom dies.

FULL CHORUS.

*The godlike soul of British flame
 Animates some kindred frame,
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 Exults again in martial extacies,
 Again for Freedom fights, again for Freedom dies.*

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E VI.

D I R G E.

M A D O R.

LO! where incumbent o'er the shade [Symphony.
Rome's rav'ning eagle bows his beaked head!
Yet, while a moment fate affords,
While yet a moment Freedom stays,
That moment which outweighs
Eternity's unmeasur'd hoards,
Shall Mona's grateful Bards employ
To hymn their Godlike Hero to the Sky.

A I R.—2d BARD.

*Radiant Ruler of the day,
Pause upon thy Orb sublime,
Bid this awful moment stay,
Bind it on the brow of time,
While Mona's trembling echoes sigh
To strains that thrill when Heroes die.*

A I R II.—4th BARD.

*Hear our strain in accents flow
Breathe the dignity of woe;*

*Solemn notes that pant and pause,
While the last majestic close
In diapason deep is drown'd,
Notes that Mona's Bards should sound.*

A I R III.—3^d BARD.

*See! our tears in sober show'r
O'er this shrine of glory pour,
Holy tears by Virtue shed,
That embalm the valiant dead;
In these our sacred song we steep,
Tears that Mona's Bards should weep.*

T R I O.

2^d, 3^d, and 4th BARD.

*Radiant Ruler! hear us call
Blessings on the Godlike Youth
Who dar'd to fight, who dar'd to fall
For Britain's Freedom, and for Truth.
His dying groan, his parting sigh,
Was music for the Gods on high,
'Twas Valour's hymn to Liberty.*

M A D O R.

*Ring out, ye mortal strings!
Answer, thou heav'nly Harp, instinct with spirit all
That round Andraсте's throne self-warbling fwings!*

There,

There, where ten thousand spheres in measur'd
 chime
 Roll their majestic melodies along,
 Thou guid'st the thund'ring song,
 Pois'd on thy Jasper Arch sublime !
 Yet shall thy heav'nly accents deign
 To mingle with our mortal strain,
 And Heav'n and Earth unite in chorus high,
 While Freedom wafts her champion to the sky.

FULL CHORUS.

*Andraсте's heav'nly Harp shall deign
 To mingle with our mortal strain,
 And Heav'n and Earth unite in chorus high,
 While Freedom wafts her champion to the sky.*

SCENE the LAST,

A DEAD MARCH,

which concludes the DRAMA.